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THE *Biography vol 1*
L I F E
O F
CORIOLANUS,
The Roman GENERAL.

F A M O U S
For the surprizing EXPLOITS and
ATCHIEVEMENTS he perform'd, both
for and against his Country.

W I T H
An Account of his Tragical CATASTROPHE.
Faithfully Extracted from the *Roman* ANNALS.



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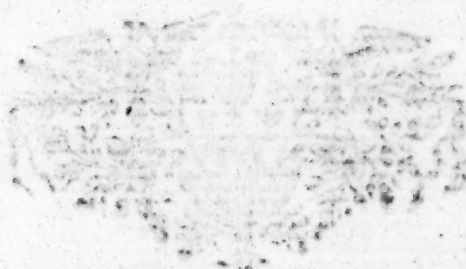
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IN perusing the History of Persons whose Lives have been eterniz'd by memorable and surprizing Actions, a sensible Reader is particularly delighted ; because such Scenes exhibit to him a full View, as it were, of the Capacity of the human Soul, and he sees her occupied in a Manner becoming the Dignity of her Original. With what Pleasure do we behold the Heroes of Antiquity astonishing the World with Exploits and Atchievements which have done Honour to their Country, and immortaliz'd their own Names ? Many Instances of such heroic Worthies we could produce, both from the *Grecian* and *Roman* History ; but shall here confine ourselves to One, whose glorious Deeds were the Admiration of the Age he liv'd in, as well as of all succeeding Times. The great Personage I mean, was *Caius Marcius Coriolanus*, a *Roman Patrician*, whose Life and wonderful Enterprizes are the Subject of the ensuing History.

Caius Marcius, afterwards surnamed *Coriolanus*, was nobly extracted, and born with all those Dispositions, which were then natural to the Nobility of *Rome*. His Life was frugal, and his Manners chaste. He denied himself every Thing, yet was liberal to others, even to Profusion. Besides, as he was an avow'd Advocate for the *Patricians*, he could ill brook the Authority of the *Tribunes of the People*. However, he conceal'd his Sentiments, and waited to declare himself, till his Services and Glory should increase his Credit; which he resolv'd to do by his Bravery in the Service of his Country.

Accordingly, he was no sooner arriv'd at Manhood, but he went into the Army, and at the Battle of *Regillus*, signaliz'd his Courage in the Presence of his General. As he one Day saw one of his Fellow-Citizens like to be cut to Pieces by his Side, he reveng'd the *Roman*, sav'd him from Death, kill'd his Enemy, and was honour'd with a Civic Crown for his Reward. But though *Marcius*, by these Actions, was pretty well known among the Troops, yet he had no other Superiority in the Army, than that which Birth and Bravery procure private Soldiers who distinguish themselves.

The *Romans* having declar'd War against the *Volscians*, the Consul *Cominius* came and sat down before *Corioli*, their principal Town, strong and well fortified. He attempted to scale the Walls from Morning till Night; but was forced to call off his Troops at Sun-set. The next Morning he advanced his Machines, and renew'd the Attack; but was inform'd that the *Antiates* were advancing to fall on his Rear the same Day. Upon which he divided his Army into two Bodies; one he appointed to scale the Walls, and the other to face the Enemy. The Care of the first he committed

to



to *T. Lartius*, and with the rest of the Army he cover'd the Siege. That Day was made memorable by two Battles the *Romans* had to sustain; one with the Troops of *Corioli*, the other with the *Antiates*. The *Roman* Legions never behav'd themselves with more Bravery. Not a Man but signaliz'd himself by some Exploit; and, which is scarce credible, our *Marcus* appear'd in both Armies, and carried away all the Glory of both Battles. His Exploits seem'd more than human. At Break of Day *Lartius* advanc'd with his Ram and military Towers, which were of Wood, and being built upon Wheels, were mov'd from Place to Place. With these he furiously batter'd the Walls. In that Instant the Garrison of *Corioli* open'd all their Gates, to make a general Sally. The Besieg'd were animated by the Presence of the *Antiates*, whom they saw advancing in the Plain. The first Onset of the *Volsicians* was terrible; yet the *Romans* sustain'd it with Intrepidity. Afterwards, as the Enemy's Troops were superior in Number, *Lartius's* Men were thrown down headlong from the Top of the Hill, on which the City stood. They were already flying towards the *Roman* Camp, when *Marcus* got together a small Body of his Fellow Soldiers, and check'd the Fury of the Enemy. He at first fought retreating, and afterwards made a great Slaughter of the *Volsicians*. Then he cried out incessantly to those who were flying, to rally, and stopp'd a sufficient Number, to check the Impetuosity of the Enemy, and recover Ground. After this, he, in his Turn, attack'd the Troops of *Corioli*, made them turn their Backs, and pursu'd them. His Ardour carried him to the very Foot of the Walls, and he and his Company enter'd the City with the *Volsicians*, by the Gate which had been open'd for the Conquer'd. *Marcus*, with a Flambeau in his Hand,

Hand, set Fire to the Houses that were nearest the Ramparts. The Streets of *Corioli* were narrow, and by those who fled, the Numbers being increas'd by the Fire, were much crowded. The *Romans* strew'd the Ground with them, and still drove them before 'em fighting, tho' the Women threw down a Shower of Stones upon them from the Tops of the Houses. *Marcus*, tho' tir'd with Slaughter, did not think he had yet gain'd sufficient Glory. As soon as he saw the City in the Power of the *Romans*, he left his Fellow-Soldiers to plunder it: Whilst he, attended by a few brave Men, return'd to the Consul's Army with incredible Expedition. He carried thither the News of the taking of *Corioli*, and came to offer his Service in the Battle they were going to begin with the *Antiates*. *Cominius* would not easily believe that the City had surrender'd to them, if the Smoke, which was seen to arise from the burning Houses, had not confirm'd *Marcus's* Report. All were surpriz'd to see him asking no Reward for so great Services, but Leave to expose himself to fresh Dangers. *Cominius* permitted him to go with his Troops against the most formidable Body of the *Antiates*, and fight in the first Rank of the *Roman* Army. And here it may be said, that he surpass'd himself, and that his first Victory was but a feint Sketch of that which follow'd.

As soon as the Trumpet sounded, *Marcus* began the Attack. The Troops which faced him, endeavour'd in vain to repulse him. He broke thro' them. But when he had penetrated as far as the Center of the first Line, he was instantly surrounded with Enemies. The imminent Danger of so brave a Man, made the Consul send him Relief. Then the *Romans* press'd so warmly upon the *Antiates*, that they put them into Disorder; of which *Marcus* took Advantage, and continu'd to pursue the Battalions he had broken. The *Romans* who
saw

saw that his Strength was exhausted, and that he had receiv'd a thousand Blows, advis'd him to quit the Field. But he reply'd, *Do you think a Man is ever tir'd with conquering?* And without saying any more, renew'd his Pursuit of the Enemy, with Fury; till at length, quite fatigu'd with running a great Way, and out of Breath, he fainted. The *Romans*, whom he had outran, found him upon the Ground, in the Midst of the Dead and Wounded. But as soon as he had recover'd Strength, by a Moment's Rest, he started up, and put himself at the Head of the *Romans* about him. With them he flew to those Battalions of the Enemy, which yet preserv'd some Order, fell upon them with Fury, put them in Disorder, and slew all before him. Night alone put an End to the Battle; and then *Marcus* went to take a little Rest in the Camp of the Conquerors.

The next Day brought yet more Glory to the brave *Marcus*. It is a Question, whether the Honour he then gain'd by his Modesty, did not equal the Glory he acquir'd the Day before, by his Valour. The Consul erected his Tribunal before his Tent, call'd his Soldiers together, and among the rest, *Marcus* by Name; and then made an Harangue to them, as was usual with Generals after a Victory. The whole Speech was little else but a Panegyrick on the brave *Marcus*. Insomuch, that tho' his Valour had shin'd very eminently in the Action, yet the personal Distinction *Cominius* shew'd him, rais'd Jealousy in many Minds against his rising Merit: And the Uneasiness of his Rivals was yet more increas'd, by the extraordinary Rewards with which the Consul honour'd him. After he had put a Crown of Gold upon his Head, he assign'd him a tenth Part of all the Spoil taken in the Plunder of the City, and from the *Antiates* after the Battle. *Cominius* gave the young Hero a fine

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Horse

Horse with stately Furniture, in the Name of the Republick ; with Leave to chuse out any ten of the Prisoners, which he pleased, for himself. And, lastly, he allotted him as much Money as he could carry away. But *Marcus's* Eyes were not dazzled with Presents, which could only make him rich. Of all those Offers, he accepted only the Horse, and demanded only one Captive of the ten, and that with Design to give him his Liberty. This was one of the *Antiates*, an old Friend to his Family, and whose Ancestors had been attached to his by the Ties of Hospitality. This generous and disinterested Refusal silenced even Jealousy itself. All respected an Hero, whose Sentiments were as noble, as his Valour signal ; and the Consul determin'd to give him the Surname of *Coriolanus*. By which he seemed to take all the Honour of the Victory from himself, to give it to an inferior Officer. And, which is yet more, *Cominius* did not enjoy the Honours of a Triumph, as Conquerors usually did, after an important Expedition. Without Doubt he thought *Coriolanus* better deserv'd it than himself. In short, if his College, *Sp. Cassius* had not caused it to be inscribed on a Column, that *Cominius* had made War with the *Volsians*, in his Consulship, Posterity would never have known, that he commanded the Army at the Battle of *Corioli*. So much was the Glory of the General delisted by that of a private Soldier.

This Expedition against the *Volsians* being over, *Cominius* disbanded his Army ; and at the Expiration of their Consulship, were succeeded in that high Office by *Titus Geganius*, and *Publius Minutius* ; whose Administration was only remarkable by a cruel Famine, together with the Distempers and popular Tumults, which are the usual Consequences of it. This Scarcity was chiefly occasion'd by the old Decisions betwixt the People and the Senate ;

and

and by the Separation of the Army, which march'd out of the City, and encamped on the Plain. The Apprehensions which People were under all over the Country; of the Devastations which undisciplin'd Troops might make on their Lands; caus'd the Husbandmen to desert them; so that they were neither tilled nor sown. To remedy this Evil, the Senators sent Deputies into the neighbouring Provinces, to get Corn from thence. Some set out for *Hebruria*, others for that Part of *Latium* nearest the *Volscians*, others for *Cumæ*, and others for *Sicily*. Then *Rome* felt the ill Effects of her Ambition. Few of the Provinces applied to for Corn, would relieve her in her Necessities; and in the mean Time the City was as much straitned with Hunger as if it had been besieg'd.

In the mean Time, the *Volscians* thought this a favourable Opportunity to revenge themselves on their Conquerors, and solicited all their Cities and Allies to take up Arms against the *Romans*. But as they were just ready to begin the War, they were visited by a more cruel Scourge than the Famine. As terrible a Plague spread itself all over their Country as ever was felt. The City of *Velitræ* was so depopulated, that the few remaining Inhabitants, surrendred themselves to *Rome*, desiring them to send Inhabitants to repeople their City. The Senate therefore to disburthen *Rome* of many useless Mouths, order'd a Colony to be got ready to be sent to *Velitræ*. But *Sicinnius* and *Brutus*, the Tribunes of the People, oppos'd it, and by their Discourses, took off the Edge of the People's Desire to leave *Rome*; however, afterwards several Colonies were sent out. The Famine, in the mean while, increas'd, and the Commons threw the Odium of it upon the Senators, charging them with a Design to revenge themselves on them for
B their

their Separation, and to destroy those by Want, whom they durst not oppose Sword in Hand.

Then *Coriolanus* could contain himself no longer. He thought it his Duty to oppose these seditious Magistrates the *Tribunes*. He had all the Nobility on his Side; and, in short, became the Idol of the *Patricians*. He got a Decree passed in his Favour, and caused it to be enacted, that an Army of *Romans* should be sent into the Country, under his own Command. No Body indeed was forc'd to take Arms, in the Way of legal Levies, the young General was only attended by a few Volunteers, and a considerable Body of the Clients of his Family. With this Army he advanced into the Enemy's Country, and ravag'd it to the very Gates of *Antium*. The Name of *Coriolanus* was formidable to the *Antiates*. No Body appear'd to dispute his Progress. He took away the Corn, Cattle and Slaves; and at length led back his Troops to *Rome*, well furnished with Provisions.

'Tis foreign to our Purpose to relate the various Bickerings between the Senate and the People at this Time: Let it suffice to say, that the Animosity of the People against the *Patricians* remarkably shewed itself, when the Time came for electing new Consuls. *Coriolanus* was one of the chief Candidates; they who aspired at this honourable Office, distinguished themselves on these Occasions, by appearing in publick without their Vests, and by shewing the People the honourable Wounds they had received in their Breast. *Coriolanus* shewed himself in like Manner in the publick Place, especially on Market Days. His Wounds and his known Services pleaded for him; and it seemed impossible that the People should neglect a Man of his Birth and Merit, without Injustice; for he had made, if what *Plutarch* says be true, seventeen Campaigns, and had distinguished himself in all.

Yet

Yet his Glory was obscured in the Eye of the People, by the great Regard the *Patricians* shewed for him. They were afraid of investing a Man with Consular Power, whose Steadiness gave Umbrage to the *Tribunes*, and who had Integrity enough to be capable of restoring the Senate to its former Lustre. However *Coriolanus* depended so much upon his Merit, that he still continued to hope, he should be preferr'd before his Competitors, to the very Day of Election. But his Expectations were frustrated by that very Thing which at another Time would naturally have raised them. The great Number of *Patricians* who conducted him to the *Campus Martius*, and presented him to the People, alienated all their Affections from him. They therefore pitched upon *M. Min. Augurinus*, and *A. Semp. Attratinus*; two Men of an advanced Age, who had already been Consuls. This unexpected Choice put *Coriolanus* out of all Patience. Being used to conquer in Battle, he depended as much on the Suffrages of the People on this Occasion, as he used to do on his own Valour, when his Sword was drawn. Besides, the same Vivacity which made him terrible in War, made him passionate, and the less able to brook Disappointments which affected his Honour. He was better qualified for being a brave Soldier, or great General, than an artful Statesman, for he knew not how either to dissemble his Uneasiness, or submit to ill Success, or comply with the Times. He openly declared his violent Resentments against the People and their *Tribunes*. Besides his Rage was heightened by the Complaints of the young *Patricians*, who adored him. He excited them to an Emulation for Glory, by his Example and Discourses; and as he was above Jealousy, he neither lessened the Commendations due to the Valour of the young *Romans* by his Silence, nor refused them the Praise

they deserved. Being therefore supported by the Faction of the Nobility, he only waited for an Opportunity to revenge himself on the *Plebeians*, and their Leaders: And it was not long before one offer'd itself.

The first Care of the new Consuls was to banish Want from *Rome*, by filling the publick Granaries with Corn. Barks and Carriages, loaded, were continually coming in; and there was such a Plenty of all Provisions, that the Senate consulted what Use they should make of that which was daily expected; and the *Tribunes* of the People were called to the Consultation. Those Senators who favoured the Citizens, were of Opinion, that all the Corn which should come ought to be given *gratis* to the Poor; as a small Relief which was due to them after so long a Series of Misery; and an Obligation which would calm the Minds of those who were sour'd with so many Calamities. But the opposite Faction was for holding up the Price of Bread, and thereby keeping the People in Dependance and Subjection. To this Party *Coriolanus* joined himself, and as he was both intrepid and provoked, he spoke without any Reserve, and with so loud a Voice, that he was heard by a great Number of *Plebeians*, who were crouding to the Door of the Senate-house, in Expectation of the Decision, "Make Presents to the People, *said he*, and furnish Food to their Fury! Heavens! how mad a Project! Will this People thank us for our Profusion? or rather will they not insult us for our Weakness? Thus you see, *will they say*, how a fearful Senate gives Way to the Dread we strike into them. Our *Tribunes* make them tremble, and the Remembrance of our Separation puts them into a Panick. Thy *Tribunes*, ungrateful People! say rather our Tyrants! shall we have shaken off the Dominion of one Man, only to make ourselves
many

many Masters? Thy *Tribunes*! Would to God, these Monsters had been stifled in their Birth, and *Appius's* Opinion had prevailed! Let these *Tribunes* begone, let them be sent out of *Rome*, with all their Train! The sacred Mountain may serve them for a Retreat a second Time. Let us disannul and abolish the Treaty which established them. There never was a more favourable Opportunity. Let us no longer be governed by vain Scruples. Force and Violence extorted our Oaths from us; let then Reason and Equity free us from the Observance of them! Unjust *Tribunes*! Have not you yourselves broken these Oaths? To what Excess have you not carried an Authority weakly founded? Have you not made it absolute? What unjust Laws have you caused to be made by a mad Multitude! So that you are the Masters, the Tyrants of the Republick! *Conscript Fathers*, shall we suffer this? No, let this People, who are now so imperious, be made sensible of their Indigence, and the Need they stand in of us! Let them go starving with Hunger, and languishing for Want of Strength, and carry that Famine and Desolation elsewhere, which they have brought upon the State! The Time is come for executing Vengeance upon them for their past Excesses."

Whilst *Coriolanus* was speaking thus, the *Tribunes* trembled with Rage. They demanded Justice of the Senate, for the bitter Invectives thrown upon so venerable a Part of the Republick, as the People. They required that *Coriolanus* should be condemned to Death upon the Spot; and threatened, that if their Complaints were neglected, they would cause the assembled *Curia* to pronounce Sentence on the Criminal. On the other Hand, the young *Patricians* applauded the Discourse of *Coriolanus*, and called him, the only Defender of Liberty. As for the *Fathers*, they were

were divided in Opinion; but the greatest Part inclined to destroy the *Tribuneship*, and the Treaty which established it. These Proceedings enraged the *Tribunes*, and they left the Assembly in great Fury. They called out aloud on the Gods, the Avengers of the Breach of Oaths, to witness what had pass'd; and all the People who crowded round them, were ready to enter the Senate-house by Force, but the *Tribunes* stopped them. That the Proceedings might be regular, the *Curiae* were assembled, and *Coriolanus* summoned to appear before them. But he despis'd a Summons brought him from a Tribunal, whose Jurisdiction he did not acknowledge. The next Day therefore, the *Tribunes* and *Ædiles*, attended by a Company of Officers, came to seize him. But he had a stronger Guard than they; the young *Patricians* about him, drove away the *Tribunes*, used the *Ædiles* ill, and dispers'd the Officers. Upon this the Uproar was increased, on the one Hand, by the Crowds of People who ran together from all the Shops; and on the other by the great Numbers of Nobility, and rich Citizens, who came to assist *Coriolanus*. But the *Consuls* put an End to the Fury of both Parties for that Day. The next, the *Tribunes* prevented the *Consuls*, and took Possession of the *Tribune of Harangues*, from whence they both spoke to the People one after another. The Subject of their Harangues was *Coriolanus's* Offence. They repeated the very Words he had used in his bitter Invective against the People and *Tribunals*; and appealed to the oldest and most venerable Senators, as Witnesses of his extravagant Words in the Senate. Then they exaggerated his Rebellion, as being open and bare-faced, and the ill Usage the *Ædiles* had received from him and his Company. They concluded with saying that it was necessary to give the *Patricians* an Hearing; and desir'd

fir'd the People to continue their Assembly till the Senate was broke up.

The *Conscript Fathers*, or Senate, were deliberating at the same Time that the People were assembled in *Comitia*. It was but a Step from the Senate-house to the *Tribune*. So that as soon as the Senators were broke up, the *Consuls* appear'd upon it, and *Minutius*, as eldest, spoke first, in this Manner: "*Romans*, nothing is more groundless than your Suspicions of, nothing more unjust than your Complaints against, the Senate. The *Patricians* are not the Authors of the late Scarcity in *Rome*. Your Separation was the Cause of it. Ground untill'd, Farms deserted, Cattle lost, and Slaves dispersed, were the Consequences of the unhappy Discords which divided us. In order to ease the City, which was burthen'd with too many Inhabitants, we sent out our Colonies from it. By them our Frontiers were defended, our Territory enlarged, our Provisions furnished with more Ease, and the Success has shewn, you had Reason to consent to their Departure. Why then are the People thus eternally murmuring against the Senate? Why must we be accused of having banished your Fellow-Citizens, and desiring to keep up a Scarcity of Provisions in *Rome* in the Midst of Plenty? Are the Opinions of some Senators, who are not so well affected to the *Plebeians*, the Rules of our Determinations? Ought you, upon bare Suppositions, rashly to indulge your Hatred, and raise violent Tempests in the State? Have we made any Decree, whereby we abolish your *Tribunes*? And yet you believ'd it upon their Report; which Report was founded upon groundless Apprehensions. No; their Office shall not be extinguish'd; but let their Authority be confined within its original Bounds. We have indeed given them Leave to protect you; but did we ever give them Power to destroy the

Consul-

Consulship, to introduce Confusion among all Orders of Men in the State, and to hinder the Senators from declaring their Opinions? *Marcus* indeed spoke with Warmth against the Encroachments of the Tribunes, and the Licentiousness of the People; and this you think a capital Crime. Judge then of the Injustice of your Complaints, by yourselves. When any of you, which sometimes happens in your Assemblies, inveighs against the Severity of the Senate, do we condemn him to Death only for this? *Romans*, let us not deprive each other of the Liberty of giving our Opinions freely in our Assemblies. Don't exercise your Severity on Account of Discourses which were privately made in the Senate; since we pass over the passionate Harangues you make in the *Comitia*. If you are for taking all Liberties yourselves, and allowing others none, is not this confirming the Suspicions some have conceiv'd, that your *Tribunes* aim at Tyranny? If *Marcus* was too severe in his Reproaches, remember his Virtues and his Valour. How great a Support would you deprive your Country of, by his Banishment or Death? How many Citizens owe their Lives to his Courage? Shall unguarded Expressions be put into the Balance with signal Exploits and great Services? But whether he be innocent or guilty, yet at least spare him at the Desire of the Senate, since they request it. We will not indeed put you in mind of the Obligations we have laid upon you, to reproach you. But, nevertheless, since our Condescension went so far as to give you *Tribunes*; let your Gratitude be great enough to restore to us the Defender of *Rome*, the Conqueror of the *Volsians*, and the only Pledge of a Reconciliation betwixt you and us."

This Discourse of *Minutius* had soften'd the People, and his Promises of reviving Plenty very soon, had calm'd them. But the Artifices of *Sicinnius* effac'd

effac'd all the Impressions it had made on their Minds, in favour of *Coriolanus*. *Sicinnius* was of mean Extraction, tho' now a Tribune of the People; and he had Reason to fear the Interest of a Man, who was ador'd by the *Patricians*, and an implacable Enemy to the Power of the People; and was therefore resolv'd to destroy him. After he had consulted with his Collegues, he gave this Answer to *Minutius's* Discourse. "What Thanks ought we not to return the *Consuls*, and the whole *Patrician* Body in general, for their Compassion for an afflicted People! These illustrious Chiefs of the Republick, have at length vouchsafed to cast an Eye of Pity on our Miseries, and comfort us in our Wants. Only then perform what you have promis'd, and we have all we desire. As for you, *Marcus*, looking on *Coriolanus*, who can hinder you from applying to the Clemency of the People, and persuading them to moderate the Rigour of their Sentence, by your Apologies?" *Coriolanus*, according as *Sicinnius* expected, had too lofty a Spirit to stoop to humble Supplications. He may be said to have carry'd Magnanimity to an Excess. He did not appear as a Criminal before his Judges; he gave himself the Air of a Master, and pretended to give Law, and to reprimand. He own'd every Thing he had been reproach'd with saying in the Senate, and gloried in it. He refus'd to submit to the Judgment of the People; and would acknowledge none to be his Judges, but the *Consuls*. He protested, with an exalted Tone of Voice, and a threatening Air, that he would not have vouchsafed to appear in a tumultuous Assembly of seditious Men, had it not been to reproach them with their Crimes, and to put some Check to their boundless Desires. And lastly, he openly declar'd his Hatred to the *Tribunes*, and charg'd their Creation with being prejudicial to the Republick.

It is easy to imagine that such an audacious Speech must greatly offend the *Plebeians*. The tumultuous and confused Clamours of the Multitude, shewed their Rage. Some even prepared to massacre *Marius* with their own Hands, as an open Enemy, whom any one might kill in Battle. Nevertheless, the *Tribunes* thought it necessary to observe some Form of Justice in cutting him off. They consulted together; and after they had collected the Votes, ordered him to be seized, and thrown down headlong from the Top of a steep Rock, which overlooked the *Forum Romanum*; a Punishment frequently inflicted on Malefactors. The *Ædiles* instantly advanced with their Officers, to put the Sentence in Execution; and then no Measures were kept any longer. The *Patricians* interposed between the Criminal and the Officers, and exposed their own Bodies to Danger to defend him. The People on the other Hand, endeavour'd to break thro' them, and carry off their Victim. Many Blows were given on both Sides, and Reflections spared by neither. The Presence of the *Consuls* was the only Thing that could put an End to the Commotion. They, with the Assistance of their *Lictors*, broke thro' the Croud, and dispersed it. *Sicinius* only continued to make some Resistance, being very unwilling to leave the Work of his Hatred unfinished. However, recollecting himself, he took the Advice of *Brutus*, which was, that the *Tribune* would not push the Affair to Extremity: The *Patricians*, "said he, are enraged, and it is ill-judged to make use of Violence now. After all all, it has the Appearance, at least, of a Form of Injustice, for you to make yourself both Party and Judge in *Marius's* Affair; and by a Form of Justice, hitherto unknown, rashly to pronounce Sentence of Death against a *Patrician* of renowned Birth and Valour. Stop your Hands for

a few Days, and after you have summoned the Criminal to appear, give yourself Time to draw up his Process, and enter a formal Accusation against him according to Law. These Appearances of Moderation will do you Honour, and at the same Time not save the Enemy of the *Tribuneship* from our common Vengeance." *Sicinnius* took his Advice, and dismissed the Assembly.

The Consuls were in the mean Time deliberating in the Senate, how they might appease the Populace. At length the Senate resolved to defer *Marius's* Trial as long as they could, and thereby give the Animosity of the Commons Time to subside. After this they made a Decree, that Corn should be sold at as low a Price, as it us'd to be in the best Markets, before the Troubles. And they labour'd to prevail on the *Tribunes* to desist from all the Prosecutions they had begun against *Marius*; but found it impossible to soften them; but were persuaded to grant the Accused as much Time as he desired for his Defence. Then the Senate made use of an Artifice to postpone a Trial a great while, the Consequence of which they dreaded. They made a Decree, that War should be enter'd into with the *Antiates*, their old Enemies. Accordingly War was declared, and they march'd their Troops into their Country; but the Expedition was soon ended; the *Antiates* hearken'd to Reason, and made their Peace with *Rome*.

Hereupon *arcius* was again cited to appear on a Day appointed. This was a Blow which nearly concerned the *Patricians* toward off; and the Consul *Minutius* tried all possible Ways to divert the Storm; and endeavour'd to dissuade the *Tribunes* from an Enterprize so detrimental to the Republick; and put them in Mind of an antient Custom, which was, That all Proceedings in Capital Cases begin with the Senate's declaring, whether it

be proper to bring them before the People. *Sicinnius* was of Opinion that the Affair had already been determin'd by the People, without any preceeding Trial. But the other *Tribunes*, who had more Equity and Complaisance, signified by *Decius*, one of their Body, their Consent, that the Senate should first judge whether *Marcus's* Cause ought to be brought before the People; but upon two Conditions. The first, that the *Tribunes* should be allow'd to report it to the Senate. The second, That the Senators should vote regularly; and that after they had been all sworn, every one should then give his Opinion, and the *Consuls* pronounce Sentence according to the Majority of Voices.

The Senate being assembled, *Decius* made an Harangue in which he vindicated the Authority of the People, and the Dignity of the *Tribunes*; shewed the Unreasonableness of the *Patricians* encroaching upon the Priviledges of the *Plebeians*; inveigh'd bitterly against the Pride and Tyranny of *Marcus*; and concluded with insinuating, that if the Senate were resolved to protect *Marcus*, it would certainly occasion a Civil War, the People being determin'd to maintain their Rights at all Hazards.

The other *Tribunes* added many Things to what *Decius* had said, and at length the Votes were taken. The most antient and venerable Senators gave their Opinion, first *Appius Claudius*, that old *Consul*, and obstinate Enemy of the People, spoke one of the first, and appear'd to be still the same Man, inveighing vehemently against the usurped Prerogative of the *Plebeians* of bringing *Patricians* to a Trial before their Tribunal, and concluded against suffering the People to try *Coriolanus*. But the popular *Valerius* was of a contrary Opinion. He exaggerated the horrible Consequences of a Civil War, and shew'd, that *Coriolanus's* Pride

Pride was ready to raise one, and endeavour'd to demonstrate to the Senate, that their paying some Deference to the People, was the only Means of quieting their Fury, both against their threaten'd Country, and the Offender.

This Discourse of *Valerius* had its desired Effect; and it passed by a Majority of Voices, that *Coriolanus* should be tried by the People. The Decree for it was just ready to be drawn up, when he desired Leave to speak. His Design was, to know exactly, what Crime he should be accused of before the People. *Your Accusation*, replied the Tribunes, *will chiefly relate to the Crime of designing to usurp tyrannical Power.* Upon that Foot, replies *Coriolanus*, *I have nothing to object to the Decree of the Senate. Let it be put in Writing. I will appear before the People, and answer this frivolous Accusation.* Thus this famous Warrior fell into the Snare the cunning Tribunes had laid for him. For he was not aware, that when the People had him in their Power, it would be wholly in the Tribunes, to draw up what Accusation against him they pleas'd.

As soon as the Decree was passed, the Tribunes renewed all their Proceedings, sent a fresh Summons to the Criminal, and gave him a Month to prepare for his Defence. The Day appointed being come, there was a great deal of Wrangling between the *Plebeians* and *Patricians* about the Manner of his Trial; that is, whether it should be by the *Centuries*, or the Tribes of the People; but the Tribunes prevail'd for the latter, and took Care to have the *Country-Tribes* come to *Rome*, very early in the Morning, under Pretence of coming to Market, and accordingly the *Forum* was full of them. The Court being sat, the Consul *Minutius* ascended the Tribune first, and harangued in these Words:

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“ *Romans*, you cannot but remember the Obligations the Senate has often laid upon you, your Impunity for your Revolts, and the granting you *Tribunes* for your Protection, are Favours which call aloud for your Acknowledgments. The only grateful Return they expect from them is, that you would be content with the Submission of the great *Coriolanus*, and not pursue a Trial which we consented to with Regret, at the pressing Instances of your *Tribunes*. Your Right is confirm'd, and your Victory is complete: Where then is the Necessity of carrying your Hatred any farther, against the Defender of your Country, the most formidable Hero in our Armies, and the most intrepid Conqueror of your Enemies? All his Crime consists in his Liberty of Speech. And is not sinking his Pride to this humble State, Revenge enough for that? But if you will carry on the Trial so far as to come to voting, remember the whole Senate is come hither to sue for his Pardon. Will you refuse it to 300 the most venerable Men in the Republick? No; the most bitter Enemy cannot hold out against such powerful Intercessors? ”

When the Consul had done speaking, *Sicinnius* said, with a haughty Air, That he was not so cowardly as to betray the Interests of the People; and, That he would take great Care the Assembly should not be broken up till the Affair was determin'd by Vote. He likewise protested he would not at all concern himself, either for or against *Marcus*; but would content himself with barely stating the Crimes with which he was charg'd. *Minutius* put him in Mind, before he began, of confining his Accusation entirely to the pretended Tyranny of *Coriolanus*, that being the only Condition upon which he obtain'd the Decree of the Senate; and *Sicinnius* promising he would, began a studied Harangue. He run over the whole Life of *Marcus*, and in strong

strong Terms represented every Part of it as discovering Marks of an ambitious Spirit, aspiring at regal Power. He was seconded by the *Tribunes* his Collegues, who spoke to the same Purpose; and when they had done, *Coriolanus* began to speak, and was heard with a profound Attention.

He first enumerated the many Campaigns he had made in the Service of the Republick. Then he came to reckon up the many Crowns he had been rewarded with by the *Roman* Generals. Every Time he shewed the People any of these Proofs of his Valour, he called upon those great Commanders who had honoured him with them, to testify the Truth of what he said. He likewise called over the Names of those Citizens, whose Lives he had saved in Battle. These cried out aloud in the midst of the Assembly, and entreated the People not to destroy him to whom they owed their Preservation. Others offer'd to take the Place of the Accused, and secure his Life at the Expence of their own. All who did this were *Plebeians*; and their Sighs made such Impressions on the People, as to draw Tears from them. They flowed from all Eyes, especially when *Martius* opened his Bosom, and shewed the Wounds he had received in so many Battles. Then, with an Air of Confidence mixed with Modesty, he said, " Judge ye, *Romans*, whether this same *Coriolanus*, who has saved the Lives of so great a Number of you Citizens, in War, could have designed to destroy them in Time of Peace? Judge ye, likewise, whether it be probable, that a Man who has done nothing to gain the Favour of the People, but hazard his Life for them, could design to usurp the Throne. Your Hatred is my Justification, and the Haughtiness laid to my Charge, is my Apology. If the Distinction which Bravery procures, be an infallible Sign of a criminal Ambition, I have deserved to die.

die. But if it be rather the genuine Mark of a generous Love for one's Country, let your Aversions cease, and be chang'd either into Compassion or Repentance.'

Coriolanus said no more. The most worthy Part of the People immediately cried out, he ought to be acquitted. They likewise agreed, that it was unjust to bring a Man of his Merit and Birth to a Trial, upon such slight Presumptions. Even the most mutinous, and the most envious, did not find that the Accusers had given any sufficient Proofs of the Crimes laid to his Charge. So that the Assembly was ready to break up to the Advantage of the Accused, when *Decius* the *Tribune* rose up, and laid a new Charge upon him in this Manner.

" Since *Marcus*'s Words and Behaviour are not sufficient to convince you of the tyrannical Spirit that reigns in him, a late Fact will make you fully sensible of it. We have a Law which requires our Generals not to dispose of the Spoil which they take from the Enemy, according to their own Fancies. The Money it produces, belongs of Right to the publick Treasury. This Law is just, and has never been disputed. But did *Marcus* shew any Regard to it the last Year, when he brought back his Troops to *Rome* laden with Provisions? His Soldiers then lived in Plenty, whilst the rest of the People were pining away with Misery and Want. Did not he in Effect give his Troops a License to plunder the Publick, and has not the Publick a Right to call him to an Account for it? Nay, what more certain Signs can a Man give of his aiming at tyrannical Power, than the making large Presents to an Army, in Defiance of the Laws? Let *Marcus* explain himself, and let him either prove that he did not dispose of the Spoils of the Enemy, or that no Law forbids it. The Fact is notorious, and the Law universally known. What more is wanting?

wanting? Cease then, *Marcus*, to display your Crowns here, and to make a Shew of your Wounds. We don't judge of the Merit of our Citizens by a mad Bravery, but by their Observance of the Laws."

These Words of the Tribune gave a great Turn to Peoples Minds. *Coriolanus*, who was not conscious of having been guilty of Tyranny, in getting a Subsistence for his Soldiers, in a Time of Want, did not imagine this would be laid to his Charge as a Crime; so that he answered as one not prepared for this new Chicane of the *Tribunes*. But the bare Fact, as stripped of its Circumstances, and thus maliciously interpreted, seem'd plainly to prove him guilty. The Consuls themselves, and the Senators, knew not what to answer. Then the *Tribunes* pronounced their Determinations aloud, and got *Marcus* condemned to perpetual Banishment. They were afraid, if they insisted on his Death, the Compassion of the People would make them acquit him. The Suffrages were taken, and those for him were very near equal in Number to those that condemned him. Of twenty-one Tribes, nine declared for *Coriolanus*, and eleven against him. An unjust Sentence, which gave the People a Power of citing the Senators themselves before their Tribunal, and thereby made the *Plebeians* superior to the Senate.

Thus was *Coriolanus* condemned; but he either had too much Greatness of Soul to sink under Adversity, or was too proud to appear dejected. He neither did, nor said, any Thing unworthy the Magnanimity he professed. Nay, when he came home to his own House, he did not seem at all affected with the Tears of his Mother *Veturia*, the Lamentations of his Wife *Volumnia*, and the Embraces of his two Sons. The eldest was about

ten, the youngest yet at the Breast. Not but *Coriolanus* had a truly tender Regard for his Mother. She, though descended from a Consular Family, and left a Widow very young, had made it her only pleasure, so to form the Manners of her Son *Martius*, as that he might attain to the highest Pitch of *Roman* Virtue. All *Coriolanus's* Discourses consisted of Exhortations to his Relations, to behave themselves with Constancy, under the various Events of Life. After this, he advanc'd towards one of the Gates of *Rome*, without either Money or Provisions. Many *Patricians* attended him to the farthest Part of the City; and when he bid them Farewel, he took only three or four of his Clients with him. Thus, that illustrious Exile left his native Country, never more to return to it, but at the Head of an Army. He is said to have stopped at one of his Farms in the Neighbourhood of *Rome*, to shake off his Uneasiness there. Here being pensive, restless, and deeply affected with the Affront which the Senate had permitted the People to offer him, he first formed a Design of revenging it; and among the many Enemies of *Rome*, he thought the *Volscians* the most likely to espouse his Quarrel; and therefore chose to seek a Retreat in this warlike Nation. He took it for granted, that his Reputation, and the Report of his Misfortunes, would soon gain him the Affections of a People, who wanted nothing but able Generals, to make them superior to the *Romans*.

Coriolanus being come into the Country of the *Volscians*, resided there some Time, and then set out for *Antium*; and calling to Mind an old Warrior, and a chief Inhabitant there, he resolves to apply himself to him. His Name was *Attius Tullus*, who had often been a Rival to *Coriolanus* in Glory. Accordingly, he disguised himself, and came

came to *Antium* in the Evening, but nobody knew him. When he came to *Tullus's* House, he went in and wrapped his Head up in his Cloak. *Attius* was at Supper in a private Apartment, when News was brought him, that an unknown Person of a very majestic Air, but who would not speak, was come in, all on a sudden, and sat down by his Hearth. The Novelty of the Thing made him rise from Table, and he came to *Coriolanus*, who uncovered his Face, and throwing himself at his Feet, told him who he was, with the Occasion of his coming.

Upon hearing this, *Attius Tullus* received *Coriolanus* very graciously; and after he had assured him of the Friendship of the *Volscians*, invited him to Supper. The following Days were spent in private Conferences about the Means of punishing *Rome*, and the hard Usage *Coriolanus* had received from her. The great Point was to engage the whole Nation to declare against the Republick. The *Volscians* had lost many Men in former Wars, and more by the Plague. And tho' *Tullus* had a great deal of Power in their Dyets, yet could not promise that he should be able to persuade the whole Nation to take up Arms so soon. *Coriolanus* propos'd an Expedient, which they put in Execution on the following Occasion.

Magnificent Shews, in Honour of *Jupiter*, were to be exhibited at *Rome*, at a Day appointed. The People of the neighbouring Countries flock'd in Crowds to *Rome* on this Occasion. Among the rest came *Tullus*, and a great Number of *Volscians*; and thus he contriv'd to execute the Plot concerted between him and *Coriolanus*: He suborned one of his Nation, a bold impudent Fellow, to come, and pretend to make a Discovery to the Consuls, and betray the Interest of the *Volscians*. He told them, that *Tullus* was to attack the *Romans* the

next Day, with a chosen Body of Men, and was to burn *Rome*, while they were taken up with the Games of the *Cirus*. The Consuls were frightened, and reported the Information to the Senate, and produc'd the Informer, who confirmed his first Deposition. The Senate immediately made and publish'd a Decree, that all the *Volscians* should leave *Rome* before Sun-set on pain of Death. All the Gates of the City were shut, except the Gate *Capena*, through which the *Volscians* were drove out. *Attius Tullus* was at the Head of them, and the Number of the pretended Conspirators was surprizing great. When he was got upon the great Road from *Rome* to his own Country, he stood upon a Hillock, stopped his Countrymen, as they pass'd by, and exaggerated to them the Affront they receiv'd from the *Romans*. *We only*, said he, *of all the different Nations that were at Rome, were not thought worthy to see the Games. Go and tell in all your Cities and Villages, the distinguishing Affront the Romans have put upon us.* Their Minds were soon exasperated, and the whole Country of the *Volscians* was quickly in a Rage. In short, at *Tullus's* Persuasion, a general Dyet was called; and the Deputies of every City were of Opinion, that they were at Liberty to declare War with the *Romans*, since they had first broken the Truce.

Tullus then advis'd them to search for *Coriolanus*, as the most proper Person to encounter the *Romans*. He was brought into the Assembly, which he enter'd with a melancholy Air, and address'd himself to them in a Speech, in which he inveigh'd against the *Romans* for their cruel Usage of him.

Coriolanus's Discourse was receiv'd with general Applause; and a Decree pass'd, appointing the Deputies of their chief Cities to go to *Rome*; and in the mean Time Preparations were made for War. The *Romans* refus'd to restore the Lands demanded

demand'd by the Deputies, and gave this haughty Answer, *The Volscians will be the first to take up Arms, but the Romans the last who lay them down.* This Bravado was reported to the Dyet; upon which *Tullus* and *Marcins* were appointed Generals. Two Bodies of Troops were immediately rais'd; with the first of which *Tullus* cover'd the Frontiers, on the Side of the *Latins*; and with the other *Coriolanus* enter'd the Territory of *Rome*, and committed inconceivable Devastations in it, carrying away Cattle, Corn, Slaves, Instruments of Husbandry, &c. and burnt the Farms; so that all the Country was in Flames. However, he spar'd the Houses of the *Patricians* who were his old Friends. But by this Partiality he increas'd the Suspicion the Commons had of the Nobility, and kept up a reciprocal Enmity between the two Parties. The *Plebeians* at *Rome* accus'd the *Patricians* of bringing this dreadful Enemy upon them; whilst the latter found it difficult to clear themselves, though they made it evident, that this was only an Artifice in the General, to keep up mutual Discords betwixt them; so that No-body durst appear in the Field against the *Volscians*; and *Coriolanus* and his Troops return'd Home loaded with Spoil, and the whole Nation had great Confidence in their General. A regular Army was presently form'd, consisting partly of old Troops, and partly of Levies newly rais'd; the latter were to remain in the Country to defend it, and the other to make Head against the Enemy. *Coriolanus* had the Command of the Veterans, and *Tullus* of the new Recruits.

Coriolanus immediately enter'd upon Action, and took many strong Cities, and fortify'd Places; some with little or no Resistance, and others after the most vigorous Assaults; in all which he behav'd with his usual Courage and Intrepidity. Yet, what is surprizing, the *Romans* did not appear in
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the Field to oppose his rapid Progress. He then went, and sat down before *Lavinium*. This City was a kind of Mother to the *Roman* Nation, and thought itself oblig'd to continue faithful to it, and now made such a stout Resistance, that the Conqueror was oblig'd to starve it. The *Romans* easily judg'd he would not stop here, but proceed directly to the Capital; and the People who were formerly so furious against *Marcus*, were now continually crying out, to have the Decree of his Banishment repeal'd; and, which is scarce credible, the Senate, who formerly protected the Exile, now refus'd to comply with the Desire of the People; which they did, perhaps, to oblige them to force their *Tribunes* to repeal their own Decree; or, at least, to clear themselves from the Suspicion of their holding a Correspondence with *Coriolanus*. He, understanding the Opposition the Senate made to his Return, divided his Army; one Part of which he left to block up *Lavinium*, and with the other march'd directly for *Rome*, and encamp'd within 40 Stadia of the City, which put all the Inhabitants into a Fright and Confusion. The General, however, offer'd no Hostilities that Day, nor the next; which made it believ'd, in *Rome*, that *Coriolanus* only waited for an Opportunity to reconcile himself to his Country. The Senate therefore thought proper to send him a Deputation, consisting of the most illustrious Senators, who were formerly his best Friends. They were *M. Minutius*, *Posthumius Cominius*, *Sp. Lartius*, and *Q. Sulpitius*; who had been all Consuls.

When the Deputation arriv'd in Camp, he gave them Audience sitting, surrounded with the most considerable Nobility of the *Volscians*. *Minutius*, who had been his chief Advocate, open'd the Conference in a Speech, in which he endeavoured to soften *Coriolanus* by Argument drawn from Religion, Friendship,

Friendship, Gratitude, Compassion for his native Country, and the sad Consequence to himself, in Case he should fail in his Enterprize.

When *Minutius* had done speaking, *Coriolanus* returned him this haughty Answer. "I am an injur'd *Roman*; I am General of the *Volsicians*. *Coriolanus*, illustrious Deputies, has not forgotten the Obligations you laid upon him. He remembers your Friendship with Pleasure. You have been the most avow'd Protectors of my Mother, my Wife, and my Children. So that my Acknowledgements to you can never be too great. Make your Demands, and you shall instantly see how far my Gratitude will carry me. But, as an injur'd *Roman*, is a bare Re-establishment in *Rome*, a sufficient Satisfaction for what I have suffered? With what Pleasure can I return to a City where Injustice reigns, and Vice enjoys the Honours which are due to Virtue? Consider the Men who govern there, and the Man you have driven thence. The taking of *Corioli*, and the Battle I won, before I was so much as a *Centurion*, are such Monuments of my Glory, as eclipse that of your greatest Generals. And yet, what Benefit did I reap from them? Tho' I was refused the Consulship, and denied publick Honours; was any Defect in Birth, or Libertinism of Life laid to my Charge? You never yet punished Debauchery and Intemperance with Banishment: But you have driven me from *Rome*, tho' known to be a Man both temperate and frugal. What then was my Crime? It was my not consenting to have the publick Authority entirely in the Hands of factious *Tribunes*, and a senseless Populace. It was my inclining to restore it to the Nobility. This was the Transgression for which the Senate it self delivered in up to the Fury of the People. Yes, it is they, it is the Senators I accuse as the Authors of my Misfortunes.

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The Injustice of the People indeed condemned me; but it was the Weakness of the Senate which put me within the Reach of their Power : So that Corruption and Iniquity are become universal in the Republick. And yet you would have me return to it. How shall I be safe there ? What a shameful Life shall I be forced to drag on in *Rome* ? Must I, to raise myself from the Dust, be forced to flatter the insolent *Curia*, and beg their Favour ? Or shall I be able to live independently of them, as I formerly did, and speak my Opinion with Freedom ? Who will promise me, that I shall not meet with a *Sicinnius* or *Decius*, whose crafty Intrigues and Interest will again arm the Populace to rob me of my Life ? How can I be assur'd, that the Devastations made on your Lands, the Conquest of your Cities, and the Slavery of your Allies, will not be laid as fresh Crimes to his Charge, who has already been adjudged worthy of Death for bare Words ? To desire me to return to *Rome*, is to desire to bring back a Victim to the Altar, which will always be in Danger of being sacrificed on the least Suspicion. I grant, this will never be done with your Consent ; but the Danger is certain. You accuse me of Impiety. Have I been guilty of any towards *Rome* ? I say, even towards *Rome*, that cruel Step-mother, whom no Services could oblige, and who has thrown me out of her Bosom. The Country of the *Volscians* is now my Mother. She has forgotten the Mischiefs I did her. She receiv'd me when a Wanderer, a Fugitive, and poor : She has been profuse in bestowing her Honours, her Magistracy, and the Command of her Armies upon me. Is it impious to abandon profess'd Enemies, and is it not so to betray the most affectionate Friends, when they place all their Confidence in me ? No ; I am not like you, *Romans*. I know how to acknowledge Obligations,

Obligations, and adhere to those who have done me Honour. Let *Rome* herself experience the Rage of those revengeful Furies, with which you threaten me! She is an unnatural Mother, who has cast off a Son, who was useful to her, and zealous for her Glory. As to me, the Gods sufficiently shew that they approve of my Resentments. Success attends me wherever I go: and Victory, which follows me, proclaims to all *Italy*, that Heaven has declared itself in my Favour. Thou, even thou, guilty *Rome*, shalt soon feel whose Cause the Gods espouse. Thus much I purpose as an injur'd *Roman*."

"But the Resolutions of the General of the *Volsicians* are these. Whatever Remains of Affection he may have for *Rome*, how much soever his Compassion may be rais'd, at the Prospect of the terrible Condition to which she is going to be reduc'd, yet it is not in his Power to preserve her. The Nation I serve impose Laws upon me which I cannot disobey. It is to her you must apply yourselves in a suppliant Manner, for Peace. Nevertheless, I will presume, that, in Regard to the Gods who protected me in my Infancy, and the particular Friendship I have for you, illustrious Deputies, she will readily shew you Favour on the following Conditions. 1. Restore the *Volsicians* all the Country you detain, and all the Cities you have taken from them. 2dly. Make such a Peace with them as shall leave them in perfect Liberty; and let mutual Oaths unite you to the *Volsicians*, as they do to the *Latins*. 3dly. Make the Senate sensible of the Injustice of invading other Mens Properties, and shew them what Punishment is due to those who are guilty of it. Let them know, once for all, that if they will usurp the Cities of their Neighbours, they must expect to see in their Turn, their own People, not excepting their Women and Children, justly reduced to Slavery. And add to

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this, that they do wrong to accuse *Coriolanus* of the Misfortunes with which *Rome* is threatned; they ought rather to ascribe them to their own Ambition, and their unjust Usurpations. This is all the Answer you are to expect from the General of your Enemies, who allows you thirty Days to consider of it. In the mean Time I will, for your Sake, *Minutius*, draw off my Army, which cannot continue here without great Detriment to *Rome*; but will certainly return at the Time appointed to receive your Answer."

In the mean Time, *Attius Tullus*, who had so hospitably entertain'd *Coriolanus* in his House, and ceded to him the Command of the Army, became jealous of his Glory, and resolv'd to destroy him. To this End, he whisper'd about secret Calumnies, and reported, that the *Roman* was a Traytor, and kept secret Correspondence with *Rome*. These Suspicions he confirmed by the Thirty Days Respite *Coriolanus* had granted his Country; and charged it upon him as a Crime, that he had let slip the Opportunity of besieging the City, and given the *Romans* Time to recover Strength, and prepare for a Siege. *Coriolanus*, however, knew nothing of *Tullus's* Jealousy or his Plots; but employed the thirty Days Truce with *Rome*, in putting the Allies of that City out of a Condition to help her. He made himself Master of several fortified Towns, and took their Spoils, during the said Truce, which being ended, he return'd and encamp'd before *Rome* with all his Forces.

The Senate spent their thirty Days in Deliberations, the Result of which was, that they would never receive Law from an Enemy, nor ever treat of Peace with him till he laid down his Arms, retired into the Country of the *Volscians*, sent an Embassy to *Rome*, and the *Roman* People had consented to accept of his Terms. Ten new Deputies were chosen by the Senate to carry this Answer to

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Coriolanus ; but he replied to their long Harangue in two Words, that they gave a bad Turn to a bad Affair, and that he would give the Republick but three Days Time to change their Resolution, and order'd the Deputies immediately to quit the Camp, or he would treat them as Spies. The Report of the Deputies again put all *Rome* in Confusion, and the *Romans* could neither confide in their Consuls nor their Troops ; but, as their last Remedy, had Recourse to Religion. All the Ministers of the Gods in *Rome* were ordered to march out of the City, with great Pomp and good Order. Being introduced, they harangued the General, and without abating any Thing of the Pretensions of the Senate, exhorted him to lay down his Arms, return into the Country of the *Volsians*, and send an Embassy from thence to demand Peace. But this Proposal of the *Pontifices* was no better received than that of the Deputies ; and they were sent back to the City with Orders to declare to the Senate, that the Attack would immediately begin, if they did not submit to the Conditions *Coriolanus* had proposed. The *Romans* therefore resolved to hazard all the Dangers of a Siege.

The Consternation among the Citizens was universal. The Women ran in Crowds to the Altars, and the Ladies of Distinction to the Capitol, to prostrate themselves before the Statue of *Jupiter*. Among the rest, the illustrious *Valeria*, Sister of the great *Poplicola*, signalized her Piety, who in a sudden Fit of Enthusiasm, inspired the Ladies assembled with a Resolution which saved *Rome*. "Let us not suffer ourselves, said she to them, to sink under our present Affliction. What Men could not do, Women perhaps may accomplish. We may perhaps soften the Heart of a severe Conqueror. Arms are their Province, Persuasion ours. Let us go, in this negligent Dress, to the House of *Veturia*, that Mother so tenderly beloved by *Coriolanus*. Let

us agree to follow her in a Body to her Son's Camp, and entreat her to join her Tears with ours, for the Deliverance of her Country."

Accordingly they all went together to *Veturia's* House, and found her and her Daughter-in-Law, sitting together, and busy at Women's Work. When *Veturia* saw them croud in upon her: "What has brought you, said she, to a House over-whelmed with Sorrow? You, replied *Valeria*, are the only Refuge we have left in our Misfortunes. We have not been the Causes of your Grief. We come to entreat you to preserve our Estates, our Honour, and our Liberty from the *Volsicians*. Come away then, with *Volumnia*, and bring with you these tender Children, who may soften their Father. Your Presence will doubtless persuade him, to prefer the Preservation of his destitute Family to the Pursuit of his Resentments, and the Honour he may expect from the *Volsicians*. His Return to you, is the least Favour you can hope from a Son, who has always been grateful and obedient. You will by this Means purchase as much Glory as the *Sabine* Women did, who reconciled their Fathers to their Husbands. Nothing could be more glorious, *Veturia*, than for you to attempt at the same Time to recover your Son, deliver your Country, and save the Lives of your Fellow-Citizens. Make no Delay, since the Danger is great, and requires a speedy Remedy.

At these Words, *Veturia* burst into Tears; recollected herself a Moment, and replied thus: Alas! my Interest in *Coriolanus* is but a poor Refuge. What Impressions can Women make upon a Warrior spirited by Revenge? I am not wanting in Affection to my Country; but what am I now in my Son's Eyes, more than other *Roman* Women, who shares the Aversion he has for *Rome*? This he sufficiently shew'd at his Departure into Banishment. *Coriolanus*, said he to us, is now lost to you for ever.

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I have no longer either Mother, Wife, or Children. I renounce all, even my domestic Gods. Can we then hope to soften so hard an Heart? What shall we persuade him to do? What? To love a Country which has treated him so injuriously? To betray a Nation which has receiv'd him into her Bosom? Shall we desire him to shew Compassion to a People, who had none for him? Let me alone, *Valeria*; let me spend my unhappy Days, destitute and neglected; and don't force me to undergo the Mortification of a Refusal, which will neither do Honour to *Coriolanus* nor his Mother."

This Answer occasioned Abundance of Tears and Lamentations from *Valeria* and her Ladies; however they renew'd their Applications, and at length prevail'd. She took *Volumnia*, and her two Grandsons, along with her; and early in the Morning, set out with her Train in their Chariot, and took the Road to *Tusculum*, where the *Volsicians* were encamp'd. *Coriolanus's* Scouts soon inform'd him, that a great Number of Ladies were on the Road. The General, not imagining his Mother and Wife were among them, resolv'd to hold out against these new Deputies; but being told who they were, he walk'd out of his Tent, and met his Mother. He ordered the *Lictors* of his Guard to lower their *Axes*, and lay down their *Fasces* before her. This was a Ceremony paid to great Magistrates by inferior, whenever they met; and *Coriolanus* thereby signified, that his Mother's Power was superior to his. Inflexible as he was, he could not see the melancholy Appearance *Veturia* made, the Tears she shed, and the mourning Habit she had on, without relenting. He therefore came to embrace her; but the haughty Matron, instead of being the Suppliant she appeared, assumed the imperious Mother, and address'd herself to him in these Words. "Before I receive your Embraces *Coriolanus*, let me know whether I am to receive a grateful or an ungrate-

ungrateful Son into my Arms? Am I now your Mother or your Captive? Ah! Son, have I liv'd so long, only to see you first banish'd, and then become my Enemy? Canst thou be cruel enough to ravage the Country which gave thee Birth? Was not thy Rage abated at the Sight of thy native Land? Could'st thou see *Rome*, without saying to thyself, There are my *Domestic Gods*; there dwells a Mother who loves me, a Wife who is dear to me, and Children whose Father I am? Wretched *Veturia*! Did I then bring a Son into the World, only to see him ruin my Country? *Rome*! I became a Mother only to destroy thee! Thou woud'st have enjoy'd thy Liberty to this Day, had I been barren! But thou shalt soon have thy Revenge on me for being thus criminally fruitful! No! I will not survive my Son's Dishonour, and thy Misery! *Coriolanus*, thou shalt either set *Rome* at Liberty, or walk over thy Mother's Body to go and besiege it." Having so said, the proud General was struck dumb at her Presence; which she perceiving, went on thus: "You fancy, *Coriolanus*, it is a glorious Thing to have given so much Way to your Resentments. But consider, it is a more shameful one, to grant your Country and your Mother nothing: This is a double Rebellion; it is a monstrous Ingratitude. You have revenged yourself upon *Rome*; but what have you done for me? The only Favour I ask, is to deliver our City from the present Danger; shall even that be denied me?" This said, she fell down at his Feet; and *Volumnia* and her Children, threw themselves prostrate on the Ground. *Coriolanus* could hold out no longer; but amidst a Struggle of Passions, cried out; *You disarm me, Mother. May the Gods grant, that my respectful Compliance may not turn to my Destruction! You gain a Victory over your Son, which is indeed advantageous to your Country, but will prove fatal to him.* Having said this, he retired
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into his Tent with his Mother, Wife and Children, where he consulted with them how he should behave himself both with respect to the *Volscians* and *Romans*. The Articles agreed upon were, 1. That the *Romans* should not take any Step towards recovering their Losses, till the Peace between them and the *Volscians* was entirely concluded. 2. That *Coriolanus* should decamp the next Day, and commit no Hostilities in the *Roman* Territories, as he passed thro' it, in his Return to the Country of the *Volscians*. 3. That after he had assembled their Chiefs, he should prevail on them to make a solid Peace with *Rome* upon reasonable Terms. 4. That if the *Volscians* would not comply, he should lay down the Command of their Troops.

After a Conference so beneficial to her Country, *Veturia* returned to *Rome* with her Companions, where they were received with the Acclamations of the whole City. The Senate desired them to ask what Reward they pleased for so important a Service. *We ask nothing*, replied *Veturia*, *but Leave to build a Temple To THE FORTUNE OF WOMEN: We our selves will be at the whole Expence of it. The Republick shall only furnish the Victims; which shall be constantly offer'd up to the Goddess.* The Senate however, would not suffer her to pay for erecting the Temple, or the Statue which was to be worshipped in it. It was done at the publick Expence; and *Valeria* was the first Priestess in it.

Coriolanus retired into the Country of the *Volscians*, loaded with Plunder, which he divided among his Soldiers, and then he with *Attius Tullus* retir'd to *Antium*. *Tullus*, as has been before observ'd was envious of the *Roman* General's Glory, and had resolved to destroy him at any Rate. And to that End, now accuses him in an Assembly of the *Antiates*, of having rais'd the Siege of *Rome*, and would have had him first laid down his Office as General, and then give an Account of his Administration,

both

both which *Coriolanus* refused to do, and insisted on justifying himself in an Assembly of the whole Nation. But *Tullus* was sensible he would be too hard for him there, and therefore in one of their private Assemblies got him summon'd to answer a Charge of High Treason. The brave *Roman* appear'd at the Day appointed, and depended too much on the Goodness of his Cause, and the Superiority of his Merit. *Attius* was his Accuser, and in a long Harangue inveigh'd against him; exhorted him to lay down his Generalship voluntarily, and stirred up the People to declare him deprived of it. *Coriolanus* then spoke, and would fain have been heard; but the Clamours of *Attius's* Friends prevented it. Confused Voices were heard of some who cried out, *Stab him! Kill him!* and the seditious Multitude surrounded him in an Instant, and overwhelmed him with Stones and Blows, and kill'd him before his Justification could be heard. Indeed the Gratitude of the *Volsicians* soon reviv'd for their Hero, and they honour'd him with a most magnificent Funeral; and the Ladies at *Rome* got Leave from the Senate to go in Mourning for ten Months, which was the longest Time the Laws permitted on any Occasion.

Such was the End of the famous *Marcus Coriolanus*; than whom *Rome* never bred a better Soldier; he was always successful, because always brave and prudent. His private Virtues were those of an austere Philosopher, who never gave any Loose to his Desires; so sober, that he had an Aversion to the least Excess; so chaste as not to cast a Look even on his own Wife, when she came, with the rest of the Ladies deputed to him; so obedient to his Mother, as to sacrifice his Revenge and his Life to her, and so disinterested as to deprive himself of the Rights of a General, and even his Subsistence, for the Sake of his Soldiers.

